



DANI



MALINALI GUERRO-CRUZ



GOTHIC FOOL

COVER IN COLLABORATION BY THESE PEOPLE:



# Contributors

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# Letter from the editor:

Hey average clown soup enjoyer. Is everything alright? Well if not, go check our mental health may edition to feel better. We care for you <3

I'm extremely proud of our clowns for being able to pull through for the past half year with something new and unique. Since we all graduated art school we had to get our lives together. Whether that be our corporate jobs, big boy jobs, little boy jobs, starving artist jobs, non starving artist jobs, minimum wage jobs, searching for jobs, attending more school, or sleeping all day. Making art isn't as easy as it used to be, let alone personal art meant to clown soup. So I'd like to give a round of applause for everyone in the clown soup collective (including myself of course). June's general theme is sluts & dreams...such an amazing combo I know right. It also happens to be the pride month edition! When I think of pride I think of a crafty collaborative community, one who sticks together and is original and true to oneself. So for the visual goal I'm going for a collaborative, DIY, collage of our identities. But like I've said many times, it's just a guide, nothing too strict to follow by. The main goal is to have fun, give art to the people, and basically be carefree of expectations so that we can live our lives as silly little clowns in a silly little soup making silly little things.

Our clowns have worked very hard on this issue to make sure you have the best viewing experience. It's not about perfection but the practice of making and giving that keeps us going. With the sheer force of our love of art we are continuing to make the magic happen and to produce clown soup. As you can notice our issues aren't as punctual as we'd like it to be. But keep in mind even though we're clowns, we're human too. The soup takes time to brew. Turning the heat on high doesn't always mean it's gonna cook faster. So no matter what, we will produce the clown soup for your viewing pleasure.

p.s. hire me as your personal graphic designer <3

Till death do us part <3

Emma EP  
(they/she/he)









**GABRIEL**

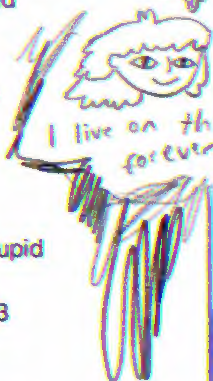


& I'm happy to make the decision  
to go to art school  
I can't believe I have to live with  
my memories & my identity  
I forget what my face looks like  
There's so much hate  
I love drawing  
Things don't feel real  
I don't feel like a person  
I forget I have a body with  
feelings  
Gender is so stupid  
Drawing is such a nice feeling &  
meditation  
Im happy I'm an artist

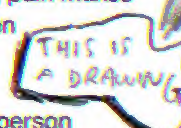


my handwriting

I love graphic design  
I love my interests  
I love my friends & I don't  
remember the last time I wrote  
that that down  
Oh my god I have friends :)  
People are pretty  
I love art  
:)  
I can't believe this is my job  
I forget  
I love adventure time  
I am at peace  
People are stupid  
I know  
I know  
:)  
I forget I have lungs and a  
skeleton & that I like people  
I like the sun  
I need to remember to take care  
of myself  
I love being a person with  
interests & a mind  
Time is stupid  
I love the sun  
I love my friends



I like making art with my friends  
I like feeling my body exist &  
experience itself  
& I like feeling pain, pain makes  
me feel like a person  
I love the sun  
My handwriting  
I love feeling like a person  
Love feeling like me :)  
I like having interests  
Its crazy I have a mind & a weird  
way of perceiving society  
I have choices  
I can't believe my mom is a hater  
My friends are so cool  
Crazy how alcohol wants you to  
forget yourself  
I love music :)  
I get to like music  
Crazy how I have a friends and  
interests  
I need to remind myself I am a  
person  
Im happy to make decisions



I forget we are in a society  
Oh my god  
I love the air  
I love having a body & the ability  
I am salivating  
I love being me  
Oh my god  
Oh my  
I like feeling  
I have memories  
I have to take care of my body  
more :)  
I love the sun  
Feel  
:)  
I have a body  
I love my body  
Oh my god  
God is stupid  
I like feeling like a person



People are so stupid  
I love looking :)  
hellow little cat :3  
Happy  
:)  
People are so cool  
As I think I can write down what's  
in my mind

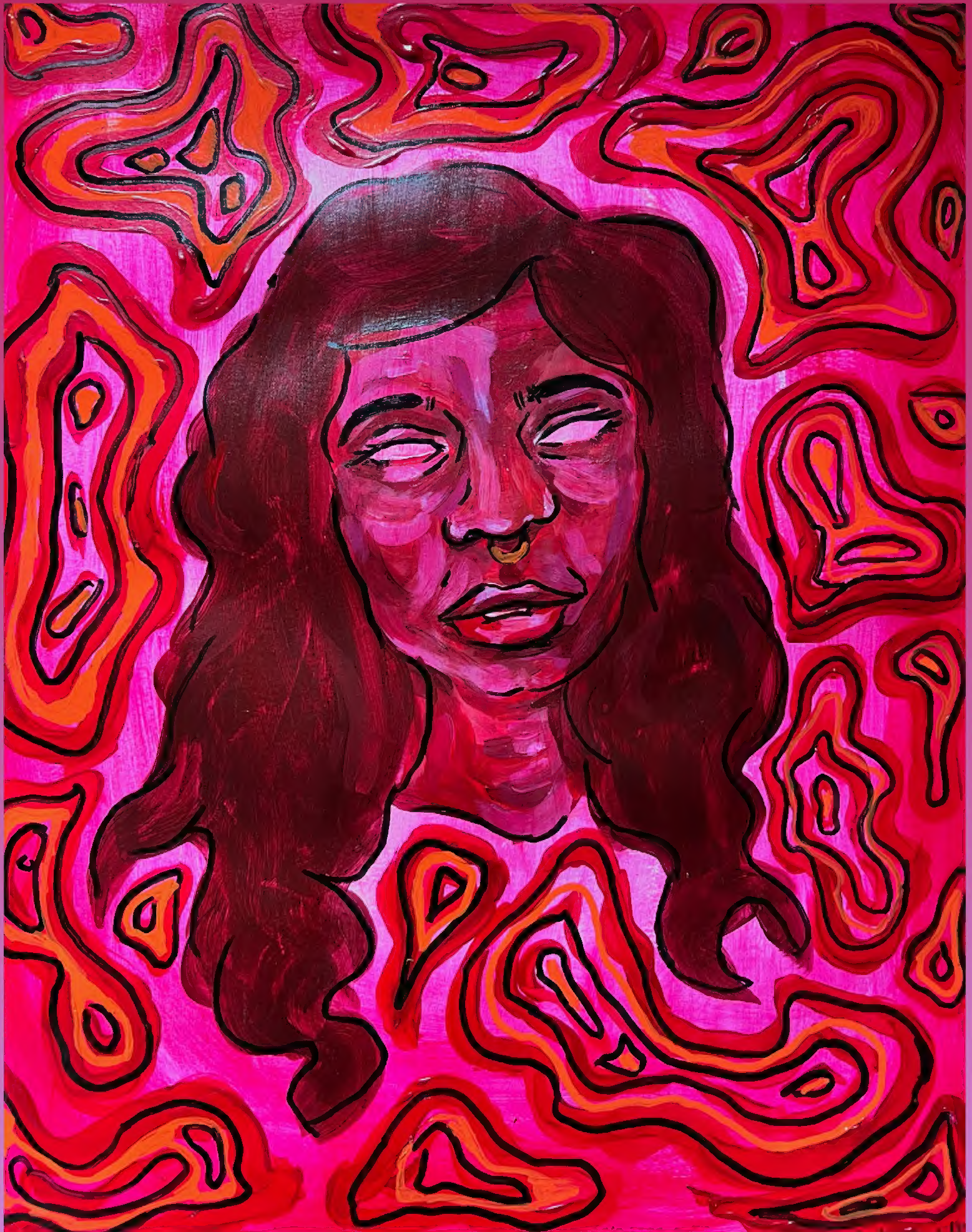
I can do whatever I can  
My words are their own  
Things live on this page  
I gave life to this drawing &  
person :)

I hate that people hate each other  
I wish I can see myself the way I  
can see others but all I can see is  
my reflection and what people tell  
me  
Am I my memories  
But I am my words  
Am I my words?

I am reminded so much how I'm  
real  
I forget I'm real I forget I'm real

to make art is to  
be human.





Gabby Amatulli

Head Filled with Thoughts

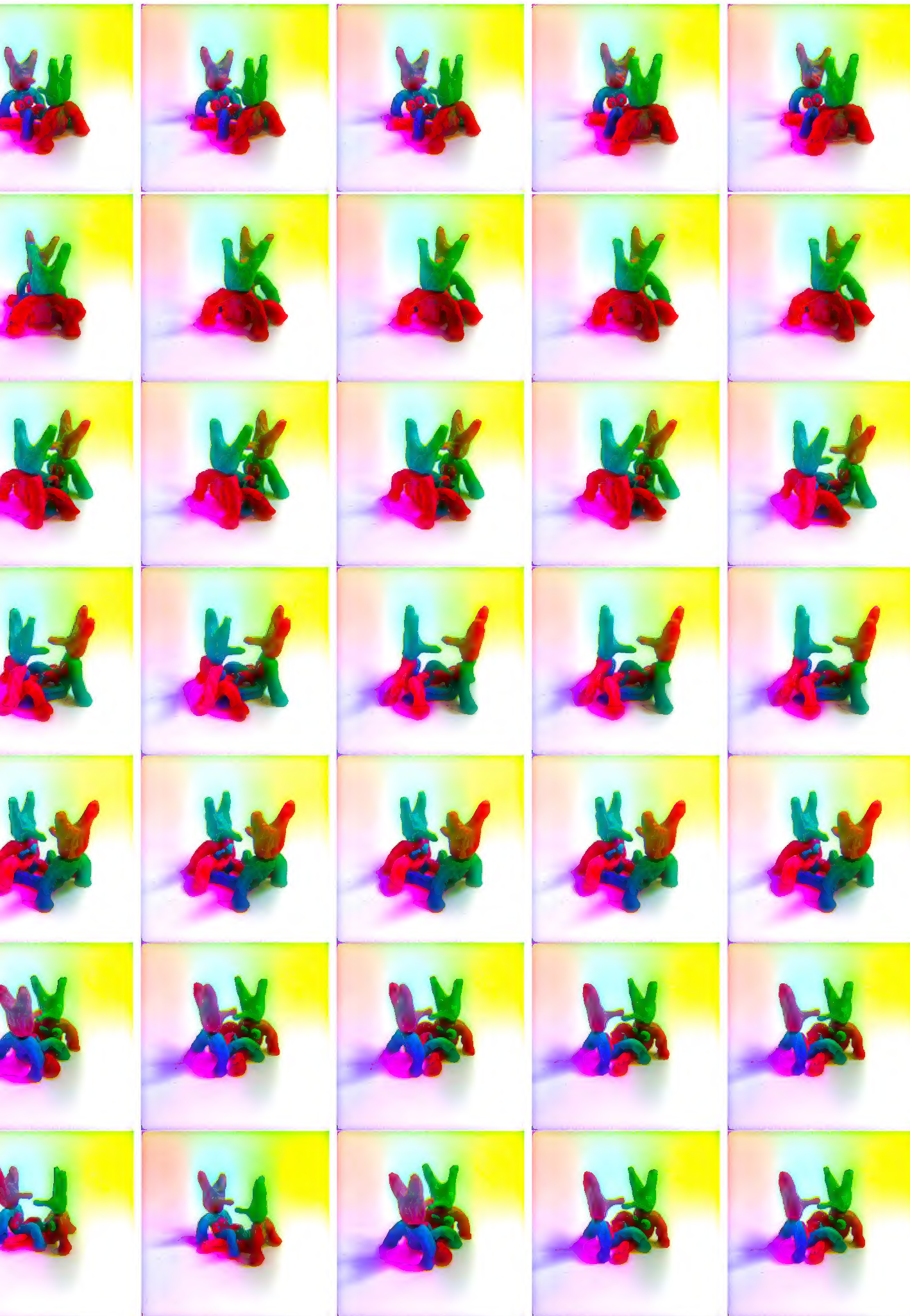






**"Binded"**

**play-doh  
sculpture  
and  
animation**



**emma ep**

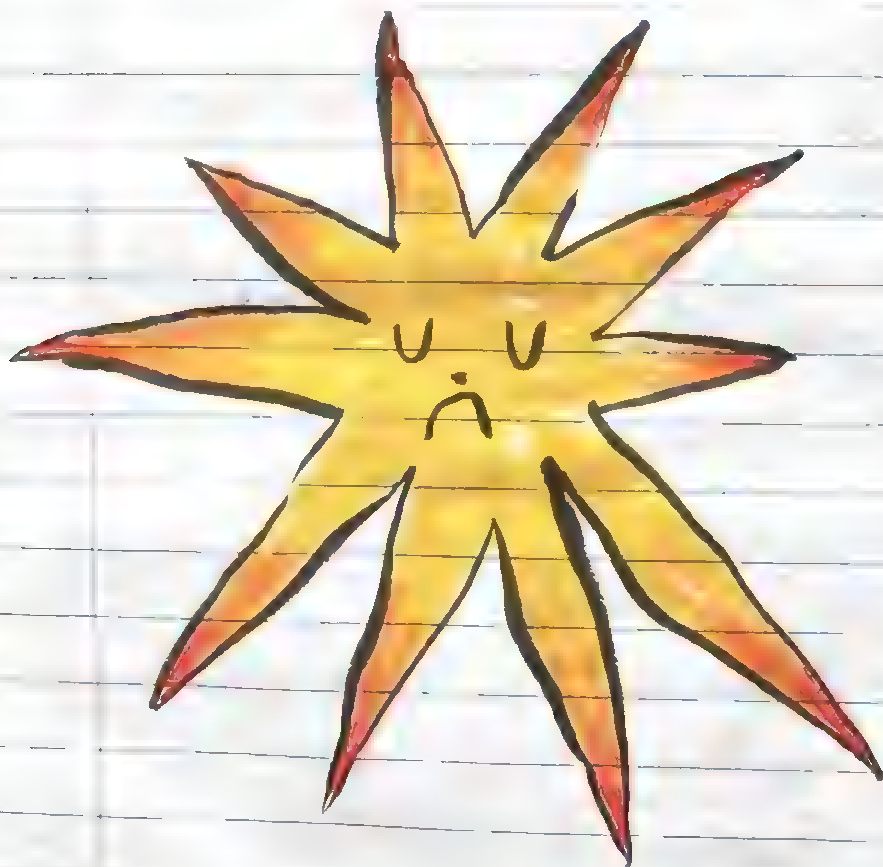














## My dream last night

- Weirdest fun house

- girl w/ **PIERCING** Blue eyes, Platinum mullet

- Ymca Bros?

GAT

Location: <sup>public facility owned</sup> Haunted house type attraction but instead of it being haunted it's weird stuff? idk not scary just weird.

- Pool → last minute of the dream

- ~~get into~~ that girl's room well actually the weird open house is actually her house & her room is a section/hallway in the weird house.

- Ymca Bros were there → Eric, Nagee, Philip, Jeff, Ash, Noor, Christian

they were heading to the pool the morning after our party?

either that or they went to pool & I went to my room

- Catapult into weird house, went through it? I saw the worker monkey bars were there. Morty & the punch squad was there.

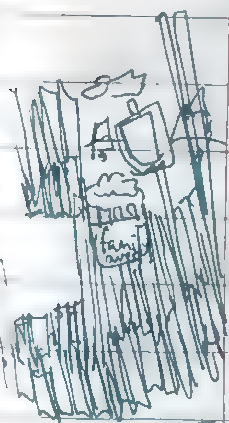
What I Remember → the hallway exit I saw this girl with ~~platinum~~ platinum hair, blue eyes, diy cute grunge clothes, <sup>cool</sup> makeup/piercing & my heart skipped a beat... She approaches me & asks how was my experience... she can sense my butterflies... "oh yea & before you leave"... gravity pulls us together... ~~she~~ I lean for a kiss

on the cheek, she turns her head, we kiss on the lips. Morty Squad goes nuts... we detach & we both go in to make out. Morty

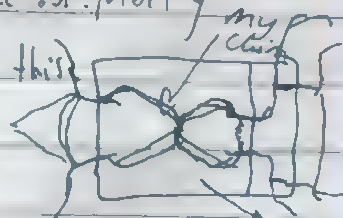
Captures a pic from underneath looks like this

we depart & she winks & I leave w morty Squad.

We come around the next day from the back entrance, I mean exit & the girl is talking about life in the weird house a world known family owned attraction & how it sucks



walking this way





low ceiling hang out party room



that her family cares a lot more about the business than her so she gets to do whatever she wants as long as she gets to help out. Throughout this four talk she starts getting close to me / smiling / smirking at me



my thoughts on my gender.

I mean I don't mind she, he, they  
but something in me wants to prove cis ft people  
in a way that you can identify as a she/her not  
still dress like a boy. That's why I feel mildly more  
confident with she/her. so that ppl look at me & be  
like who tf is that girl boy, nah its just me.

I really don't get any joy out of the pronouns of  
any thing when people refer to me as she I get reminders  
of my past self. My past self that has made tons of  
mistakes. like when people would talk shit about me they  
always refer to me as she & I associate people referring  
as me as she as that fuckup person I was & still am.  
so she makes me eh, they & he is whatever.







eUhhhhhhhhhhh my bad boss 🤦

GOTHIC POOL





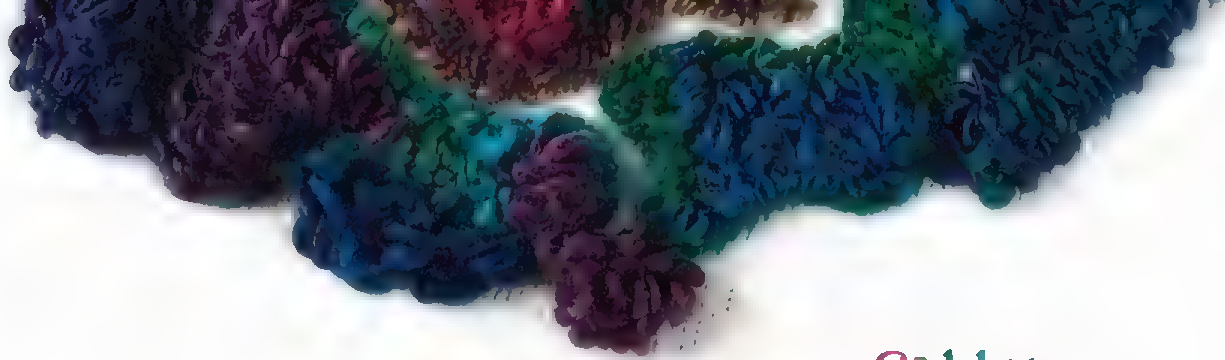




**GABRIEL**



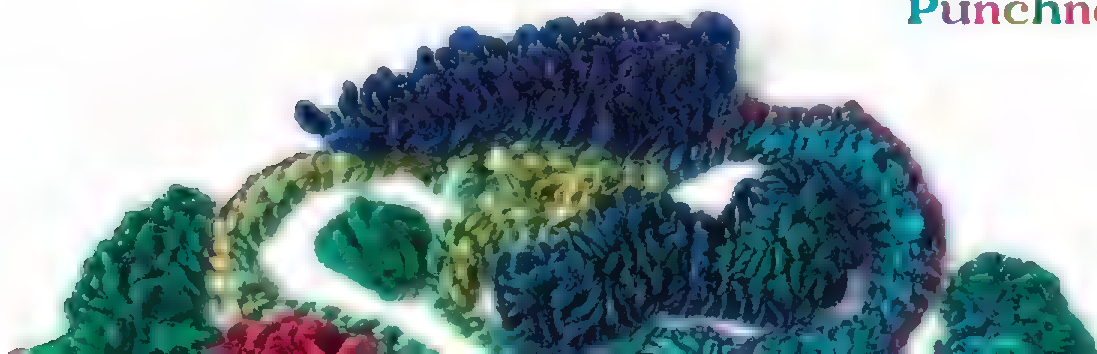




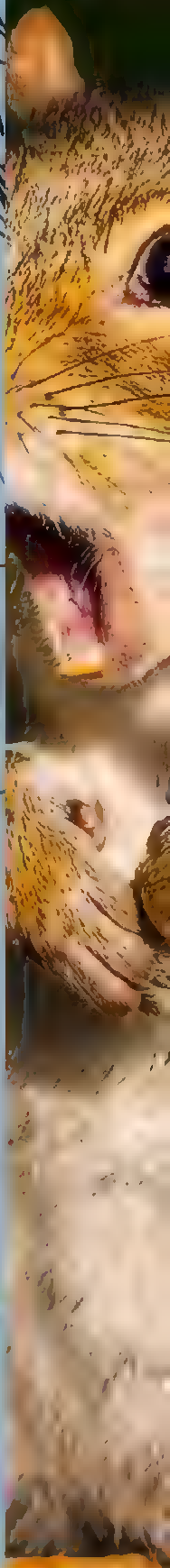
Gabby  
Amatulli



Untitled  
Punchneedle











# FEAR OF IDENTITY



This is gonna be raw, honest, and messy so bear with me.

For the longest time gender + sexuality have been either non-relevant or the most consuming thing throughout my life. I don't really know when I fully understood societal expectation when it comes to people's perception of gender identity and sexuality. All I knew was that everyone has a mom and a dad, and that one day I'll be a mom with a husband.

In elementary school I had so many crushes on boys that it became a ritual every year who was gonna have a crush on. It was a weird way of perceiving love by wondering who I will obsess over next. It was nothing too crazy, all I wanted was to hold hands and talk to them. Also looking back this was my first question of gender, which was I made my mii character a boy version of me on my wii console. I think it's because I wanted short hair and my mom refused.

In middle school I played and watched sports- mainly football, soccer, and gymnastics. I don't think I realized if that was a masculine thing to do or not since everyone everyone plays sports in gym class, plus my family loves to stay active. Something I would do was try to beat my crush in sports & arm wrestling so that he'd like me back (which I guess challenging their masculinity wasn't attractive) I did have some platonic female friendships where I perceived them as perfect and always loved being around them but there was no romantic attraction...I swear. My school had a uniform of black pants and a white shirt. Something I would do is wear mens ties to show off my uniqueness and have a sense of individuality. My dad lent me his cool ties and taught me how to put them on. It wasn't until my favorite teacher started mentioning gender expectations "why would you wear those, ties are for boys, you have to stop" it was that, that made me aware of certain gendered clothing. I ended up stop wearing ties so I can be a "good student". Something I did





whenever I'd have a crush on a guy is to dress similarly to him. I think my thought process was if people made a comment about the guy's outfit, that I'd end up being compared to him as well and basically put in the same box together. That meant basketball shorts and hoodies were my go to outfit. Everyone would joke about how inconvenient that outfit was and how I matched my crush but it kept my arms warm and allowed me to be efficient in gym class.

In highschool I finally got to express myself with clothing. On the second day of school I wore a white button down with a suit vest and a clip on tie. I had adapted an emo style during this time so as long as I showed the darkness in my heart that's all that mattered regardless of the type of clothing (I still enjoyed my spiked jewelry and tartan skirts). I think I labeled myself as androgynous since I didn't really care about how I expressed gender, let alone realized the need to perform gender roles.

*Side note: I used to say "I like everyone" whenever people asked if I like girls because I thought everyone is wonderful in their own ways. I obviously knew I didn't like girls romantically which is probably what people were asking. I just thought everyone has great qualities as a friend. I'm not sure if this was my early realization of liking anyone regardless of gender, but then again I was romantically attracted to men.*

I made a friend my freshman year and she told me she was pansexual. I was confused and intrigued. You mean to tell me there's other options besides gay? I

mean that didn't apply to me since I liked boys since I was little and would try to get them to like me back. I think I got sucked into people talking about gender and sexuality on the internet and thought that doesn't apply to me but I'm not opposed to experimenting *[insert traumatic sleepover experience]*

Ok so this point I'm strictly straight, straighter than the pole your mom dances on, straight as a line, if not fuck you, you're wrong, I'm not gay you're gay, miss me with that gay shit.

So after a couple years making sure people knew I was straight cause if you see me as gay you're wrong, I would say I defaulted into a default hetero person. I wore skirts and dresses to feel in tune with femininity, made sure I took my appearance seriously so that I looked fem, actually cared and sought for mens approval and got rid of everything I owned to "start fresh". Over time I adapted the artsy bisexual style: cuffed jeans, converse, Hawaiian shirts, and silly socks but I was still... strictly straight obviously.

Into my college years people thought I was gay by the way I dressed and it kind of made me insecure. I had a boyfriend and made sure people knew that I was straight. Occasionally I dressed very feminine, I don't know why I just did (I was SEVERELY on autopilot). Granted the guy I was with wasn't the best guy but it made me "comfortable" in my sexuality being with a man. Once the pandemic hit we split up and I was focusing more on my mental health. I started to reflect on my high school sleepover experience.





Do you know that custom where your family members and friends give you a kiss on the cheek to say hello or goodbye? Well I used to freak the fuck out in extreme paranoia and made sure it was as far away from my face as possible. Now I was free of being with a man and free from the fear of someone ruining my life to allow a kiss on the cheek. (It's literally the lightest tap on the farthest end of your cheek bone, it's not that big of a deal, but it was to me at the time)

Over the summer of 2020 I'd have queer dreams, was basically forced to subconsciously face this reality and eventually break that barrier of internalized homophobia. I was confused why my dreams kept leading to this random realization that I've suppressed and refused to sit with for years. I tried ignoring my subconscious thoughts of attraction to the same sex. But of course the more you ignore it, the more obvious and in your face it becomes. [insert a non-traumatic and actually enjoyable experience that confirmed this realization] Funny because at the same time I didn't have to perform any form of gender expression. So I went back to wearing masculine clothing mainly because it is comfier. It's not like people on zoom would judge me.

I had the most nerve wracking experience of coming out (I guess you can call it that) to a coworker at this new place I worked at during the pandemic. In our conversation about our hypothetical futures I used the term partner instead of husband and out of nowhere he said "Are you gay?" "You say partner's lot instead of husband." My stomach dropped to my ass. I was so

scared and nervous to give myself a label. Would he understand me? Respect me? Tell me I'm wrong? Tell me I'm lying? Tell me I'm faking it? Ask for proof? Would he hate me and tell everyone else then my life is ruined? I fumbled on my answer but concluded I like men and women and any gender.

The signs were obvious but since my years of pent up anxiety and paranoia it was hard for me to come to terms or give myself a label. My friend would act like I was bisexual like it was a given fact and I'd be offended but at the same time, were they wrong...no. I would still feel that extreme insecurity and paranoia when it came to talking about my queerness. As we made our way back in person I had my first openly queer experience. At this time I felt so vulnerable with my sexuality, like it's a secret that I can't have people know or else they'll hate me. Either that or people would pull the "this isn't a surprise I knew all along" which also doesn't really help.

During zoom school I soft launched using she/they pronouns which didn't feel like a big deal since it was on a screen and I was talking to moving pictures. All I know is when people related me to femininity it felt like that wasn't right. Like when people would use "she" it felt like it was attached to the person I was in high-school, that it was attached to that person with bad experiences, attached to someone who hated herself and blamed everything on her.

Once we went in person though I was feeling all kinds of anxious when it came to class introductions. Obvi-





ously I had to use the same pronouns I used on zoom and not hide behind a fake version of myself. So I would dissociate very hard when it came to introducing myself, because now, I am real and people are perceiving me and now have the potential fear of someone telling me I'm wrong or that I'm lying if I prescribe myself a label. I didn't want to be referred to at all, period.

I spent long hours staring in the mirror debating labels, fighting with gender, questioning, figuring out sexuality. I would say about a year ago I started applying myself as more gender neutral / fluid, since referring to myself as more girly words feels off. I don't see myself as a boy boy, yet I have a feminine body/face, yet I also like using masculine words to describe myself. ...it's all so complicated. Cis people don't question their gender like this so, I know I'm partially right. Sometimes I like how I physically look, and sometimes I don't and try to change it (I wish I was a shapeshifter). I'd say my dream physique is to have the ability to mix and match parts and gender qualities whenever I'd like- kind of like a videogame character ya know, but science has not come *that* far (let alone american health care/gender affirming care). I don't have a definite label for my sexuality other than its basically anyone but cis dudes, and that no matter who you are, if you like me- it's gay..I don't make the rules.

But obviously this is all in my head, why would I tell anyone about what my perception of gender+sexuality when I don't even know what it is.

The fear of judgment still lingered. Eventually I told my close friends which obviously had some explaining to do, which is always an awkward thing to explain to straight cis people. I felt like I was tightrope walking along the lgbtq spectrum not knowing what I am: just knowing that I am a part of it. I think the most nerve wracking thing to do is to tell people you're some form of lgbtq cause they start asking questions. "So have you been with girls?" "That's not even grammatically correct and confusing." "Come on ladies and they boys he's them whatever the fuck you are." "How do you not know what you are?" "You know people in life aren't gonna actually take you serious right?" "Oh, so you're gay?" I find myself not telling people unless they ask and even then, modifying my honest answer. [my family must never find out and if you tell them you're dead meat]

In conclusion I still struggle with my perception of gender and sexuality, and that I dislike applying labels for the reason of not knowing the right answer, fear, anxiety, paranoia, and validity. Plus struggling with internalized homophobia and compulsory heterosexuality. I think other people can agree with the fear of telling someone your label because of the fear of homo/transphobia that most people have and being hurt physically or emotionally. One day I'll truly be proud, but right now it's me vs the journey vs the world vs hate.



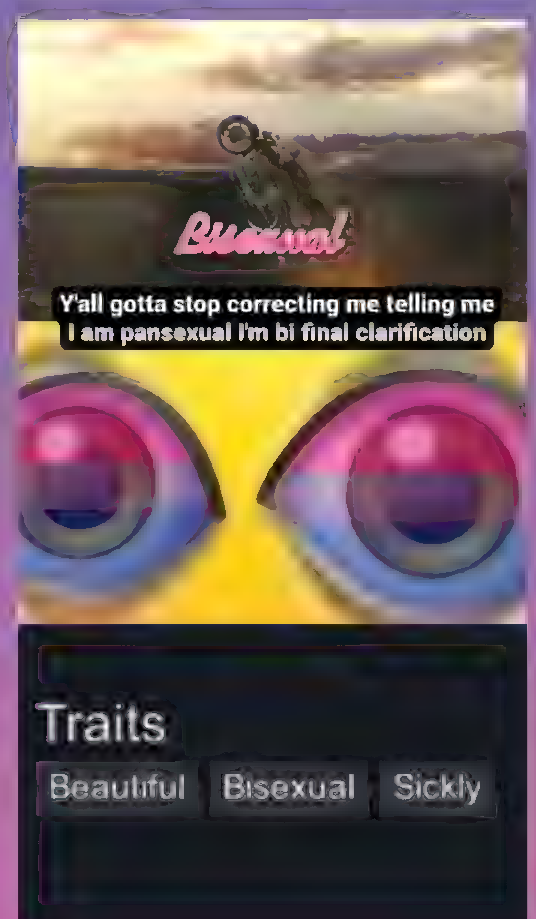


**BEHOLD!**

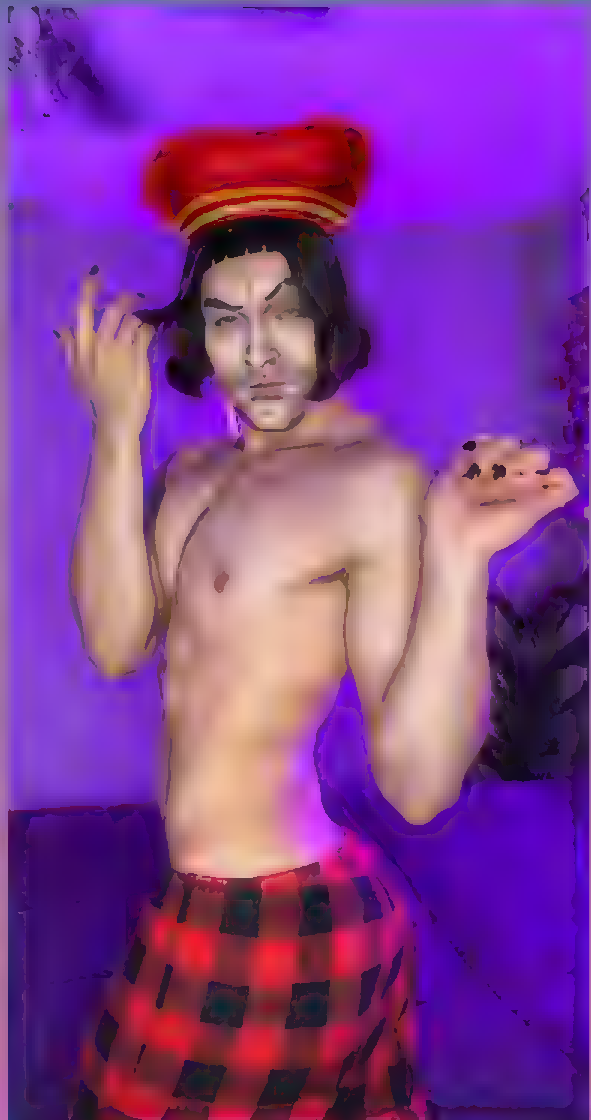
**LGBTQ+ memes:  
A series of flags**

**Feel free to screenshot**

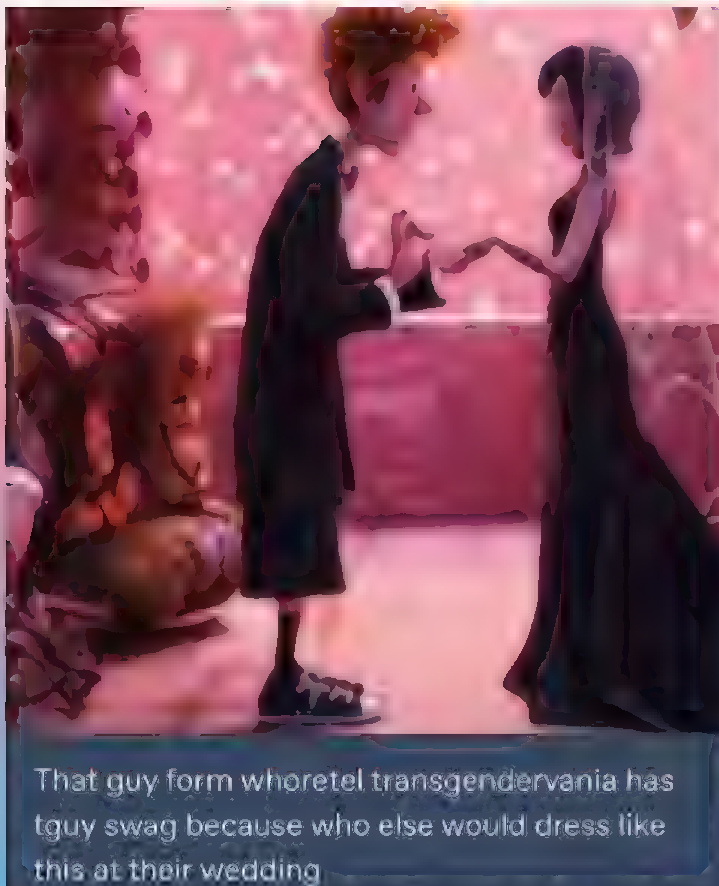




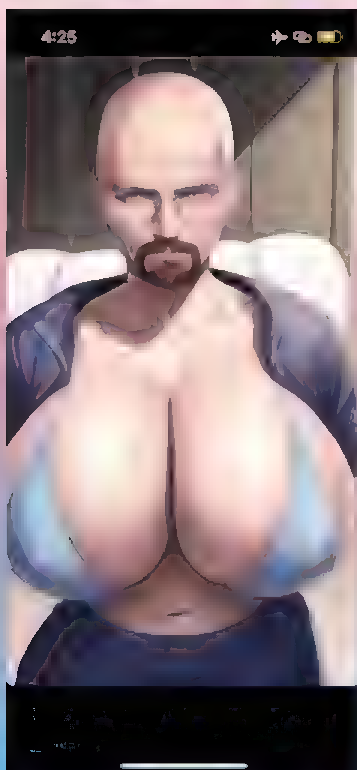












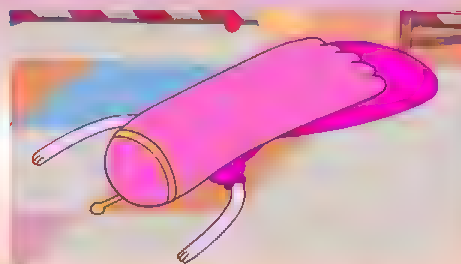
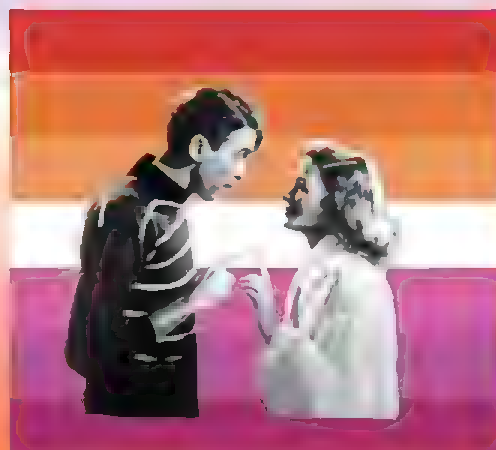
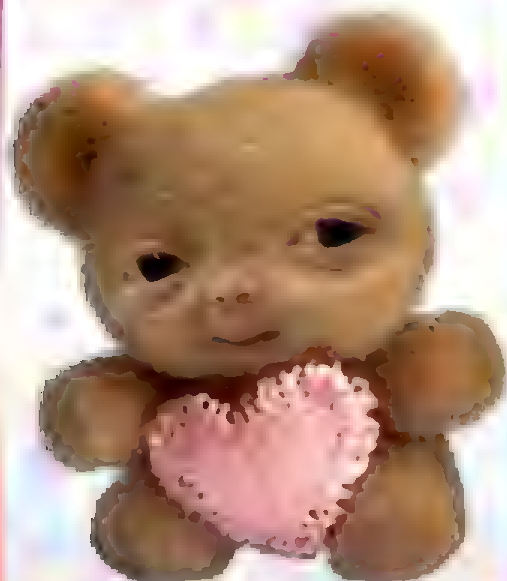




Im a non binary lesbian who uses bun/bunself online! Thank you for fighting for my rights



Im glad the community I've fought for since the 80's is happy



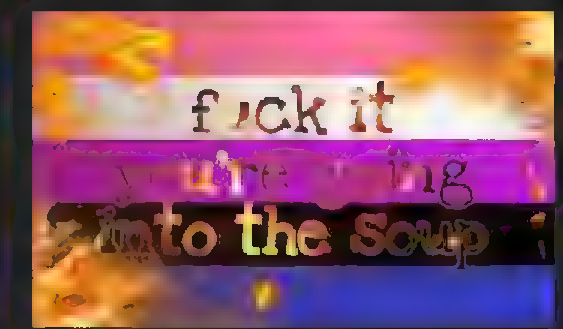
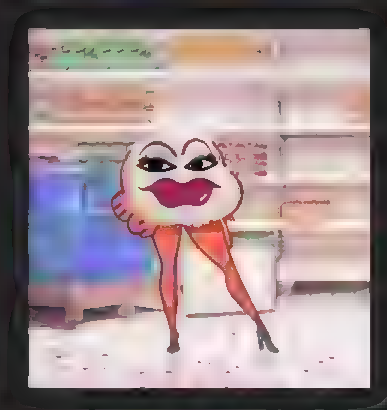




Drawing by GIAN

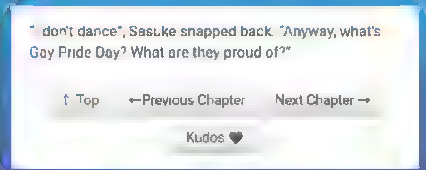
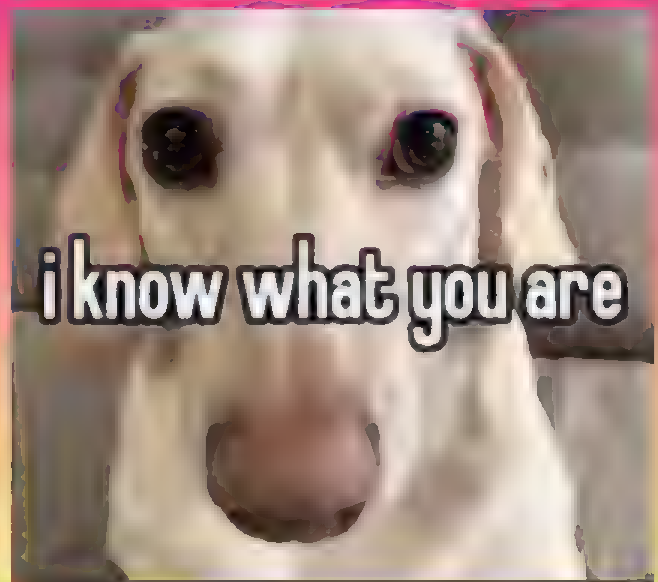




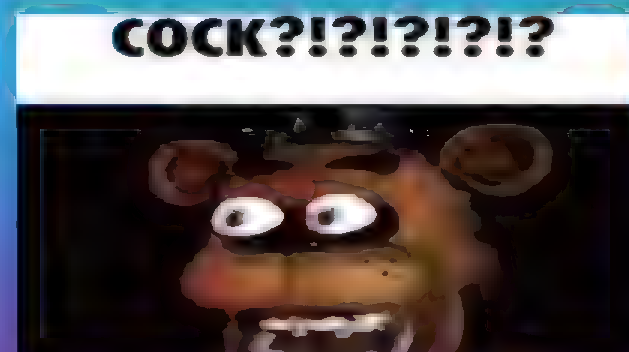
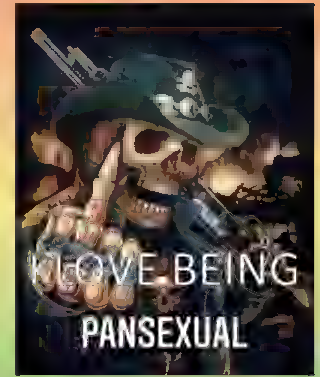
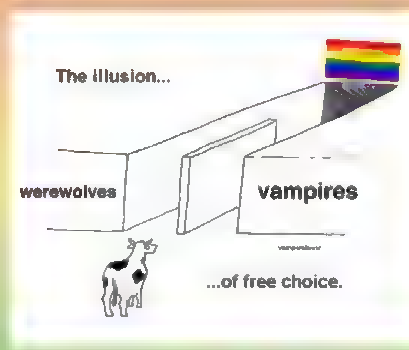
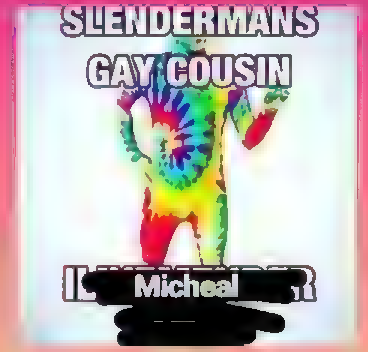
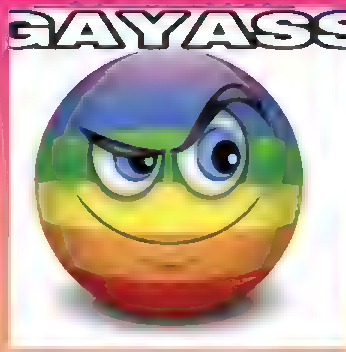
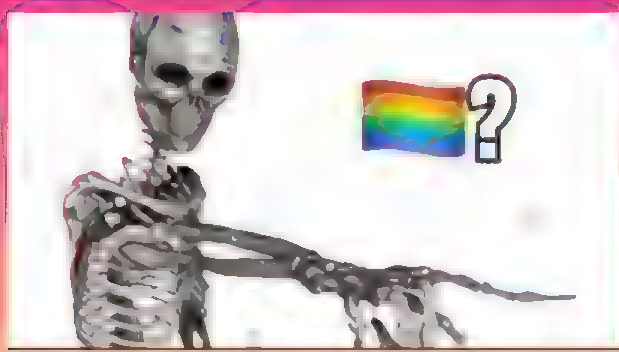




EVERYONE  
NOT IN









"inescapable"

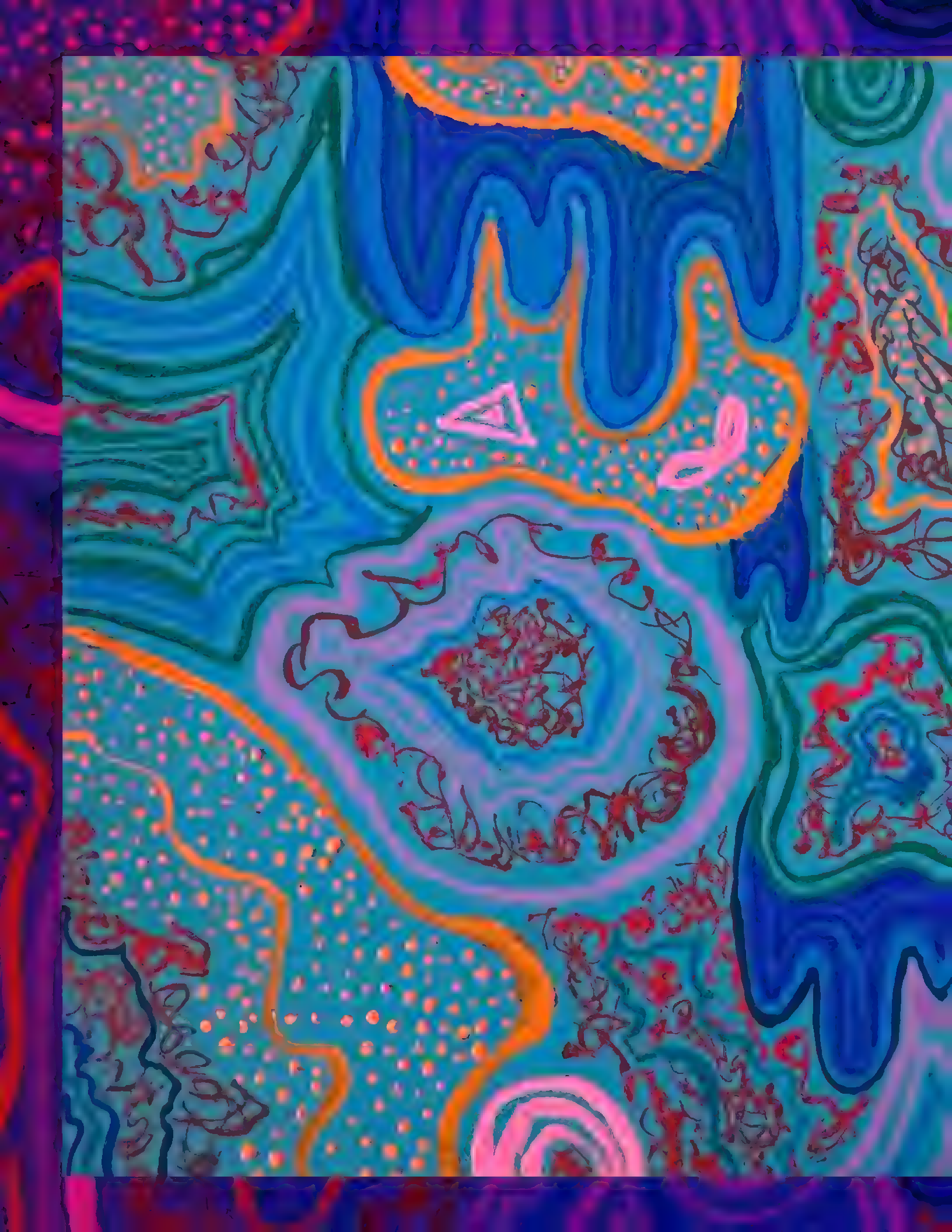


emma op











**GABRIEL**





## slutty/gay dreams

### Dream snippets:

Gay flags that say homo in bungee typeface  
Art ~~crit~~ that I was getting ready for  
Julian showing me art examples and his artist book collection and when he leaves the room the person that I'm with knocks down a nicely propped up accordion book that's in a ~~rgb~~ vintage silk screen style by a famous artist even tho it looked like baileys silk screens. I try to prop up the book but it keeps falling down  
Then I get called into a teachers office and get told I'm getting an award. All I see is a table full of flowers and ~~lenore~~ says omg you're getting the dolphin shaped flower. I see Melanie and she's like omg I never expected to get an award and she comes in with a dress. They hand me a infant sized puffer rock n roll jacket and everyone's awards are just objects

Note: I wrote the top at 8:34 am but I think I remember at one point in my **dream** that I saw my brothers diary and that it said he hates himself and that he hates life and that he is miserable in our family and that he wants to ~~un~~give himself

**Dream:** took place at my states island house but there's was an extra room that's hidden:connects to the roof and we had a secret party me and my college art friends and my mom walks in but ofc she walks in on gay shit screams and leaves. The place is a mess and now I'm exploring my house to find a place to celebrate my bday and as in doing that ~~im~~ finding all of these little gems jewelry knickknacks Oscar the dogs ashes in a cool device then eventually we transform into walking down a side walk at a children's place and there's some kind of king mascot o think so we don't feel special anymore for finding him and they're singing for children there's animals and dogs and I hear them singing a song for children but it's a song with grown up lyrics cause he says alcohol and when we get to the end I hear happy 21st bday and turns out the place was celebrating girls 21st bday (it was a Chuck E. Cheese type thing but also an amusement park)

< Search



September 1, 2022 at 12:11 PM

**Dream:** something to do with trains and trans

### Dream snippets

All I remember before everything else is Michael K asking me if it's gay to dream about men hugging each other and being intimate.  
Going through some kind of test at purchase  
At the end everyone leaves and goes outside for air but turns out they got the last part of the test which was getting captured and ~~morty~~ is trying to Morse code me. (Pedro pascal was mentioned in the Morse code and I was like???) I start to leave cause I think I win the supposed game we were playing and I see Ricardo I want to negotiate with him but too late and I start running. I start leaping and lose him between gates of grass. I end up hiding in a grass maze but I'm also small? I make it back and everyone is defeated but now I have to defeat with the puma that belongs to bill. ~~Morty~~ helps me. We are end up defeating the puma but we end up in the hospital. People know we're trans and Robin tries to make a thing of it and we hate that. Next thing you know I'm going on an expedition/adventure with my dad through his mall/~~hostle~~/hotel. We end up at these Europeans hotel room. My dad passes out on one of the guys bed. The other guy tries to do role play and I forgot what it was but in the end he was satisfied and I had major bumps and bruises on my hips. When me and my dad tried leaving I noticed we didn't have much of our stuff so I go around to the girls side and found a lot of our stuff and the pile of stuffed animals one of the guys were hiding under the bed. They let us leave with our stuff. Me and my dad go out along the strip of food places and get pita bread with hummus and Thai iced bubble tea. He uses the name Casey for me and in that moment I thought he found out about my social media accounts that use gender neutral information



## weird dreams

January 6, 2020 at 7:27 AM

### My dream last night

In my basement ig?  
Andriana and Julia  
Andri hands me a bag of acid my dumbass  
thinks it's Advil and takes it  
Everyone is still awake in my house  
We all start tripping out  
My dad comes asks if we're ok and I form some  
kind of sentence  
Fine  
My mom comes to check up on us  
We acting and talking stupid she thinks we're  
drunk or on drugs  
They vibing I'm anxious abt my family  
An art collector and other ppl (ymca pals I think)  
show up w an expensive drawing and thinks I  
have the under drawing for that which means I  
could make bank if I could find it (looks like my  
shitty children's book aesthetic/old Mickey  
Disney bw)  
So they leave and my dad keeps annoying me to  
find it and at this point I keep stumbling my  
everything at my mom and dad and they keep  
slowly leaving the room  
At this point my mom knows we're all on drugs or  
drunk  
Time passes, we drawing w Crayons  
I can't piece together reality and time but ok  
I wake up in dream

Dream: end of world, nyc was gonna get hit by meteors. We go to hide in this big hollow cube. I'm sketching? It hits and big ass rocks are destroying nyc. And I'm watching people around me get crushed. One is heading towards us and we leave asap and I leave my sketchbook. We manage to get on a plane to Chicago which is safe. I am living with my lesbian parents in a nice home. Eventually the same thing happens and we are all out on a road while you can see the rocks falling from the sky. A lot of the ppl around me are ppl from purchase like sam and Marissa. What ends up hurdling towards everyone is mega huge strawberries. We get out the car and hide by the house next to us and the car just almost gets hit. We press up against the edges of the house on the outside hoping the strawberries don't crush us. We get a notif to find safety? So we leave back to the car and some people just end up running away. I see a cloudy black hole in the sky coming. Next thing you know I wake up I think in a blank room with everyone in that senario. We've made it to another dimension or alien ship.? All I remember from this was the weird writing, someone trying to protect us on some kind of government shooting game and that each subway card is labeled so if you get into the wrong one you get arrested therefore I couldn't take it cause I couldn't read the signs. As well as the subways are stacked on top of each other. You're not allowed to enter certain areas unless you get access so I ended up in some kind of night club arcade and was happy that I was allowed. And I remember watching on the big screen the meteors hitting earth and killing people

January 3, 2023 at 11:11 PM

### Dream:

Me morty and Philip were at a witch store and morty was getting a lot of stuff and when it came time for check out they were telling me they got like \$150 in their pocket and they're gonna steal the rest. The cashier takes the money and morty goes I'm stealing the rest and the guy is like wtf you're under arrest for stealing. Then they put mortys arms behind their back and they're talking to the police and mortys like oh shit how am I supposed to stream sorry guys see ya in a couple years. Then I told the cashier I'll give them the extra \$50 to not put them in jail and to cover the bill. The cashier tells me the total is actually 180 and not 200 but I give him \$40 cause I felt bad for causing a scene. Later I end up waking up at work cause I was passed out on the floor with a schedule in my hand and when Oytun walked in she thought I was unconscious or not breathing. She was confused why I was sleeping on the pool deck looking all passed out. To my left I saw a chair from the lounge next to the windows. Either me or Michael tried putting the tiny babies on the ledges of the windows. It was 6:10 when Oytun found me. I closed my eyes and woke up at 6:50 which means the pools were open for some reason and I over slept but at work. I felt so guilty. At the same time morty Philip and Mikaila were there and there were more tables and couches at the y they all wanted to hang out at the table but I had to work. Then after some time since Oytun thought my friends were annoying she moved them to the couch and they kept insisting I hang out with them and that they have milkshakes for me. I end up joining them and Oytun was passive aggressive but also upset. But at the same time there was an event going on outside the Y so not that many people were swimming.

January 12, 2023 at 11:11 PM

Dream of what I remember: starts off with me doing acid and stopping at a gas station to get snack because me, my family, my school, and my job were going on an island getaway vacation. I think we were in costumes. Idk. We were also on yellow school busses. We make it to the island and there was this very long pier and I remember walking down it. I know people were swimming, playing on the sand and it was fairly quick. (The island almost looked like camp wawanakwa from the outside) I know I tried getting on the bus with my peers when we were leaving but I think my parents were in charge and told me too bad that I can't be on the same bus as my friends. And I make it onto the bus with a bunch of children, I think they wanted to separate us by gender so I was on the girls bus and I was sad.

Our bus trip was so long and boring and uncomfortable that I took a nap and when I woke up I was in my room and I was still high as fuck and my parents left for work and I told them I was staying in cause I don't start till later. I could for some reason see myself in 3rd person pay and everything was vibrant and neon. I was looking at my gums and they were hot pink and I was picking at them as they started to fall apart and staring at myself in the mirror. My mom came back home confused why I didn't go to work yet even tho I told her I don't start till 3 which hasn't approached yet. I was extremely paranoid about going to work tripping balls.

It was crazy cause in my dream I went on a vacation to an island with a bunch of kids and friends and it was so fun and relaxing and all of a sudden had to wake up

October 20, 2022 at 8:11 AM

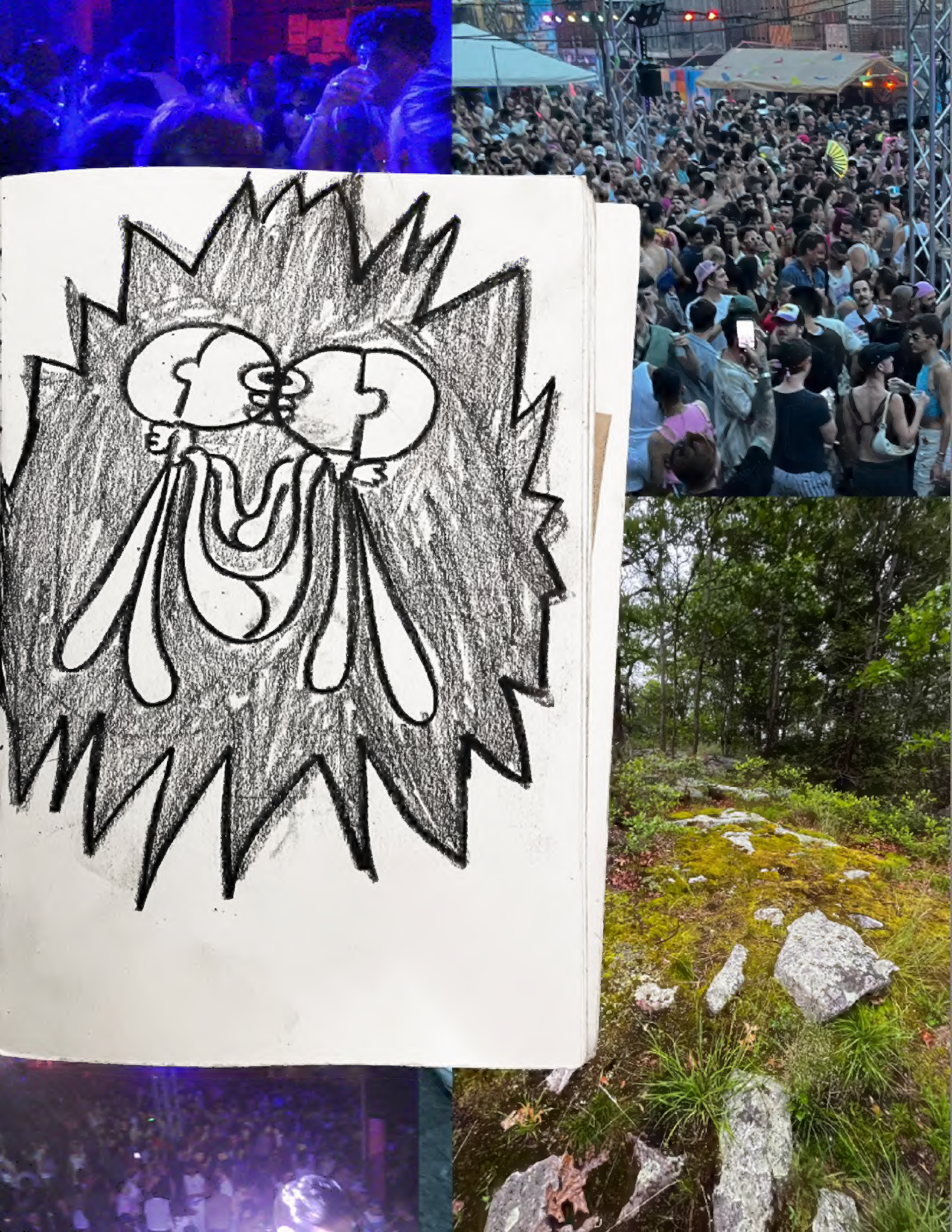
### Dream snippets:

Andriana and Julia staged an intervention for me and going to therapy. I told Julia it's impossible to go because a) I don't have the time b) I'm always tired from work c) I need to work to get money to pay for therapy d) it's expensive











# weird dreams

June 13, 2023 at 1:23 PM

## In my dream I died and came back to life and told other people

All I know is that in the honesty process you can choose how to live your vessel and the answer is 013 and you have to answer the candy quest truthfully

June 13, 2023 at 1:19 PM

**Dream:** Im forgetting a lot of it so bear with me. I know I get ice cream with my family and at one point we need to drive home for something so we come back to the ice cream place cause we didn't finish trying flavors. I got an earl grey scoop on a cone. It tasted good. Like front loops even. Someone spoils it for me and says it's just sweet cream. In the ice cream parlor we look outside and people are running from the right. Then from the left. Inside the ice cream place people scurry to hide. It makes sense to go to the back or behind the counter but people were assuming nothing would happen. I hear my mom say we gotta send someone out to get help which I think is stupid cause we have cell phones that can call 911. We hear people outside saying it's a guy with a knife killing people so we all stay. Im hiding farther back in the store under the counter ledge by the cashier. My family is crouching by the front door/seating booths (the front is made of glass) which I was kinda scared about but what are the chances that the guy sees us and breaks in. Finally we see the guy with the knife, he bangs on the door, it finally opens. Of course my dad is next to the door with a couple other people in front of him. My mom clenches my dad as the killer looks into the place now open. She whispers in a plea "Josh, Please" and the guy says "Sorry Josh" then stabs him, stabs the people around my dad and I think he stabs my mom. I wake up in real life and it's 8am I wanna go back to sleep and have a better dream. All I remember is a car and my dad died again. ): I think this is another part of this dream or another one where there's something to do with picking teams. Mikaila was there so I wanted to pick it to be on her team. It was by sections so something like blue Team which had sand, water, sun etc subgroups. I picked something like the sand team or whatever. All I remember is we're walking as a big group the teams and I see people being gushy with each other. There's this cute person I tried being gushy with but sucking at. And mikaila keeps telling me to suck it up and be all whatever with this person cause they're hot but I guess I was anxious cause it was gay in public idk. Mika was like dude come on that persons hot get your shit together and just be gay w them



June 13, 2023 at 1:24 PM

Love having a dream where I was in a school shooting twice where the second time was up close and personal.  
Valentine's Day school shooting from a dominatrix student.  
At one point someone who wanted to adopt me wanted to change my lifestyle to be better and healthier and start from square one. He even got me shorts and a tank top to do my daily workouts in. And can find me a nice boy to date. And a nice medical school to go to. And asking why would I say no they know everything they need to know to be my parents to make me happy and not hide any secrets.

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November 8, 2022 at 10:20 AM

## Dreams last night:

William Aften killing rampage  
Dinner with coworkers then a Halloween candy truck with free art but I lost my bag with my wallet and laptop

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November 16, 2022 at 9:36 AM

## Dreams:

Being launched into an alien dimension where the race was after me while visiting my girlfriend at her boarding school where everyone I knew went. Then I was trafficked at the ymca during a preschool class at the bathroom because apparently someone got a hold of my information and sold it to some fucked up parents.

June 13, 2023 at 1:21 PM

## Dream snippets

Second half was me being a water aerobics instructor and failing

The first half was me going through different dimensions and realms and realities where I ended up meeting people I knew but in different versions. Like a weird prom one where everyone was wearing dresses and pearls. At one point me and my crew had to do something otherwise we'd be stuck in a reality or object and we got bamboozled. Turns out our enemies which included p were gonna turn into stuffed animals for the rest of eternity.

This portion was very adventure time physics, style, and The episodes that got cosmic/changed art style to indicate another reality was this dream style.

Another part of my dream was being stuck as an animal during the movie shrek. All I remember is he found out she was a human and hiding that from him they got angry and divorced and I think I was a mouse or a bird and had some kind of villain try to mess with me before I can save the day or something. And I found a way to communicate with the public and probably the news and made something a big deal idk.



# slutty/gay dreams

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April 10, 2021 at 12:26 PM

**Weird dream** where I went to a whore house to get chicks and on the way out I see ashraf coming in even tho he has a girlfriend and we pass by each other and both gasp

June 13, 2023 at 1:15 PM

**Dream** that I remember from last night out of a few:

Went on a date with Gwen. Starts off in a weird thing that where I live puts on events of movies and hot chocolate nights on Friday's but people are never given an address so they just pull up and it makes me mad and confused cause I have strangers pulling up saying they're there for an event even tho I'm not prepared. Ne ways. Some guy pulls up and then she pulls up and I'm like oh shit I'm gonna go make the hot chocolate cause I wasn't ready and in that process things were getting in the way next thing you know I almost fuck up the hot chocolate and set off the fire alarm but she helped me out. I think the movie I said we were watching was Hoodwinked no questions added. Next thing you know the set up is like an outdoor camping movie thing and she's reclined back on her chair and I'm laying down sleeping on her lap cause I was so tired. When I wake up it's like 4am but we both were thinking to ourselves that we were gonna go back to her apartment for a sleepover. I remember packing pants and her waiting for me. And when we were going to her apartment it was like going to some fancy park slope house and I think at one point some friends stopped us and she's like oh yea me and Emma are going back to my place. Implying a sleepover and something else. In my mind I was thinking oh my god I'm gonna fuck with her kind of like how Penny was like omg I can't believe I fucked the Emma We got to the point of intimacy where I mattered and is important to her. There were a couple times in my **dream** where she was waiting for me or stayed by me or helped me out. I think I keep having **dreams** of us going on dates because I love the idea of a figure with power validating me or like someone who is on a whole other level giving me praise and attention. Kind of fucked up because I think I thought like this cause my brain was like haha what if it was an open relationship with that entire apartment with Bailey and Kerry. Haha poly? I'm so lonely anything helps and it feels like a loving community

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December 1, 2022 at 8:59 AM

## **Dream snippet:**

All I remember is someone in my **dream** prob my coworker or something being like "you're gay right" as if it was obvious and I was shocked that he could read my like an open book but I said yea.

June 13, 2023 at 1:19 PM

## **Fuck. I had that gay dream again**

Me and my dad were driving pass a place. I remember seeing some buff guy running on a treadmill and we made fun of him. We ended up going inside that place. My dad ends up talking to the guy and the receptionist girl is trying to flirt with me but obviously I try to hide it from my dad. She's trying to tell if I'm gay. Dad ends up walking away with guy. So now I'm stuck at summer camp reception room where they allow you to figure out if you're **lgbtq** or not and g is there. Funny cause my dad just thinks it's summer camp, he can't sense the queer. He ends up talking to the counselor guy about camping, and disappears. Then me and g end up talking. She ends up kissing me and we go walk around. I couldn't tell if she liked me. Coming back to the place I was gonna tell her I've had **dreams** that we went on dates but that would've been too much. We get back and we get **bevs**. She gets us beers and we wait in the waiting room. A lot more people show up making me anxious. And what makes me even more anxious is my dad coming back.





Wander what  
Siberia  
know  
LUMO/C  
Fin  
omg gay  
What happens  
Clown SOUP!!!  
Sluts & Dreams  
Edition No. 6  
Shaky env  
0000 hhh gay